

CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1975

ONE RUPEE



TURN TO PAGE 19
FOR THE STORY

Toothsville on the Defence

For months now, Demon Acid Killer COOH* has been threatening to overrun Toothsville. In the National Assembly, the Oral Flora pass a bill to import military hardware.



Soon the shiploads of equipment arrive.



The army loses no time in fortifying Tooth Tower...and soon their work is put to the test.



One night, while all are asleep, Killer COOH's raiders launch a surprise attack.



The Oral Flora put up a brave fight but cannot oust Killer COOH who has gained the initiative in taking them by surprise.



Only one hope remains.

Hurry, go call Binaca-F



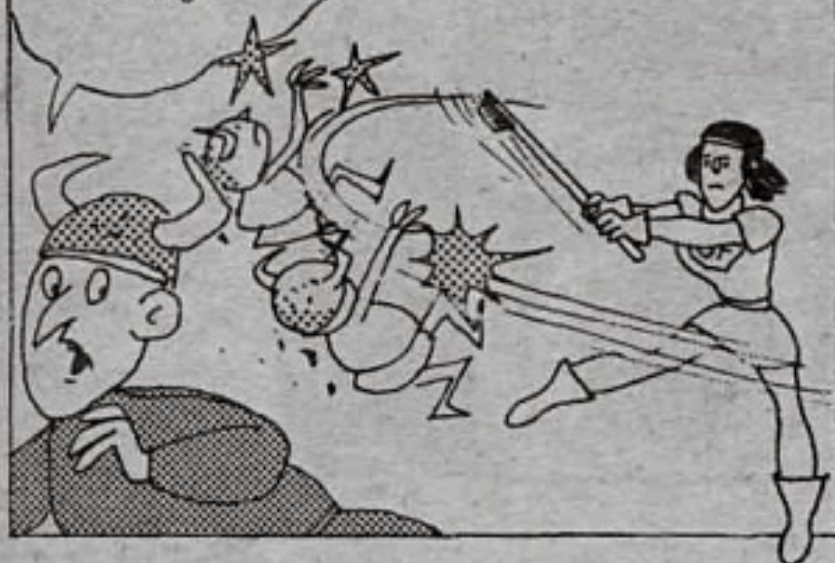
Later... Binaca-F races in armed with a deadly weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.



Let's see Killer COOH match this!



Retreat men, let's go!



Killer COOH's army is devastated by the combined efforts of Binaca-F and the Toothsville army.



Hurrah!

We're saved!



Long live Binaca-F!

Remember, conventional weapons are not enough. To keep Tooth Tower safe, you must brush it—twice daily—with Binaca Fluoride.



**Brush in extra toughness.
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**

* Formula for carboxyl acid group which attacks tooth enamel and causes painful cavities

U-BF/6/5

8 professional features to get the picture exactly as you want it.



Shutter release button on the top controls camera "shake". Red warning signal indicates that "Double Exposure Lock" is on.



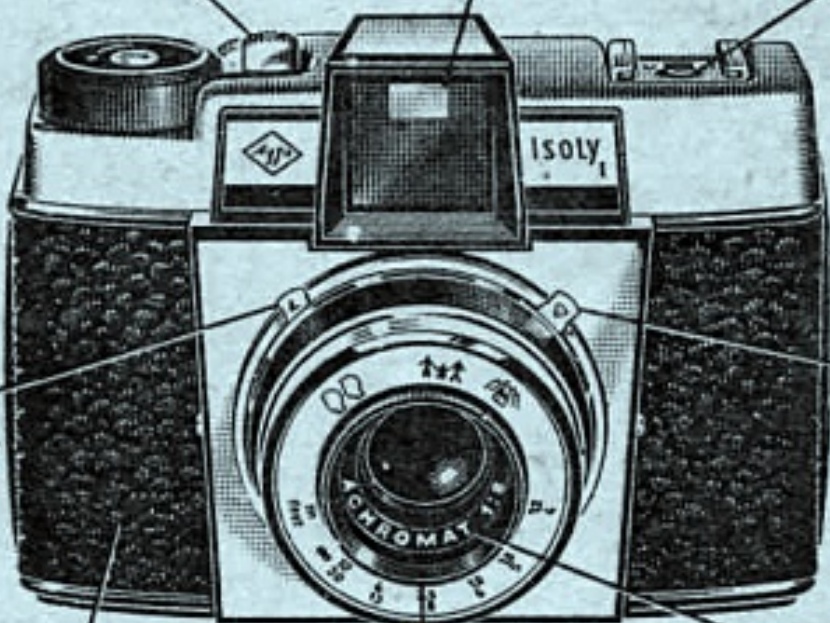
Large bright view finder makes selection of subject a real pleasure.



Accessory shoe contact for flashgun.



2 lens stops ensure correct exposure for pictures shot under adverse conditions



Easy to operate lever with three shutter speed settings.



Tough bakelite case with elegant matt finish.



Rotating indicator for precise focussing.—



Achromat f8 lens for sharp, brilliant pictures.



ISOLY-I



Agfa Click III, the aim-and-shoot camera—Practical—Honest—Easy-to-use—Economical—12 large (6 x 6) pictures on every 120 roll of film.

Available at all authorised Agfa-Gevaert dealers.



Sole Distributors:
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Manufacturers of Photographic Products.

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The New India Industries Ltd.



It is interesting to note that the letters of the word NEWS are the initials of the four directions of the horizon: N of North, E of East, W of West and S of South. So, said Benjamin Disraeli, "News is that which comes from the North, East, West and South."

The word may also be seen as the plural of NEW (if NEW can be used as a noun), to mean many a new occurrence !

And well-known is the definition of News: When a dog bites a man, that's not news. But if a man bites a dog, that is news.

But there are news and news and newspapers galore to carry them. Nevertheless, there might be a news which is educative or interesting to you, but which you may not find in a newspaper; or even if you find, there might be something missing—its background or its significance. From this issue, we begin to give you a column of such news, or comments on their significance. Though few, they are selected from a large variety of world's news sources. Hope, you find them useful.

Along with the column of news comes a column of views too—views expressed by famous people of the 20th century on various subjects and problems. We emphasise the speciality of this column: they are all thoughts of our own time, not of a bygone age, carefully chosen to tell you about different aspects of an issue. If you preserve them, wouldn't they make a valuable guide to modern thoughts ?

NEWS FOR YOU....

Record in Speaking

Tim Hartly, a young man of Minnesota, U.S.A., has created a new world record in speaking. He spoke non-stop for 144 hours. But he did it for a noble cause. Two children of his city were suffering from leukemia. The young man, by his marathon speaking, impressed the people around him who donated about forty thousand rupees for the treatment of the two sick children.

Beware of Twelve Words!

The Psychology Department of Yale University has released a list of 12 English words which it describes as most 'persuasive'. That is to say, people are easily influenced by these words when they are used in any kind of publicity. They are: *You, Money, Save, New, Results, Health, Easy, Safety, Love, Discovery, Proven, Guarantee.*

Manuscript Found After 2,000 Years

Lao-Tse, the Chinese philosopher who is as famous as Confucius, lived six centuries before Christ.

Seven essays by this great philosopher were missing for more than 2,000 years. But recently they have been found, written on beautiful silk, in two tombs near Changsha, the capital of Hunan province of China. The tombs were those of Li Tsang, a nobleman, and his son. Both of them lived in 2nd century before Christ.

AND SOME VIEWS TOO....

A Guide to 20th century thoughts on Man

Man is a narrow bridge,
A call that grows,
His soul the dim bud of
God's flaming rose.

—Sri Aurobindo (Indian Seer-poet)

I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

—William Faulkner

(American writer, winner of the Nobel Prize)

The danger of the past was that men became slaves. The danger of the future is that men may become robots. True enough robots do not rebel. But given men's nature, robots cannot live and remain sane.

—Erich Fromm

(American Psychologist)

The one sacred thing is the dissatisfaction of man with himself and his striving to be better than he is.

—Maxim Gorky (Russian Writer)



Tales from Panchatantra

WHAT A SWEEPER COULD DO?

The king of Vardhamana had a friend, philosopher and guide in Dantila, a prosperous and good-natured merchant of the city.

Dantila's mansion was the biggest and the finest building in the city next only to the royal palace. The king or the queen would not ordinarily pay a visit to a commoner's house. But Dantila's was an exception. The royal couple was fond of him and fond of his beautiful house. The queen was particularly fascinated by Dantila's beautiful garden. She loved to sit for long hours on the marble steps of a big pond inside the garden, playing with peacocks, pigeons and doves.

One day Dantila threw a grand feast in honour of the

king on the latter's birthday. The king and the queen, in company with the nobility, enjoyed a merry evening at his house. After the noble guests had departed, the lesser officers and the servants of the palace were entertained. Among them was Gorambha, the palace sweeper. Drunk, he danced and sang and made whoopee and created a riotous scene. He hopped on to the bejewelled chair which was reserved for the king and started ordering about everybody in the style of His Majesty.

Dantila tried to soberise Gorambha by a scolding. But failing, he hurled the sweeper out of his mansion.

Gorambha lay on the road, immobile, for quite some time.



Soon there was a cool shower and that brought all his scattered senses back to him, as crows come back to their tree at the nightfall! He tried to remember whatever happened and soon realised that he had acted like a monkey. But although he realised that he had deserved to be thrown out, he could not excuse the host.

"Dantila could have just thrown a bucketful of water at me and I would have proved as sober as a bridegroom. Instead, he threw me—an invited guest—out of his house! Well, well, I will teach him a lesson which he will not be able to forget

even after he had forgotten his father's name!" Gorambha mumbled to himself.

The king used to get down from his bed in the morning only after Gorambha had swept his room. Next day, while sweeping the room, Gorambha murmured as though to himself, "Woe to the time when a mere merchant like Dantila could muster the audacity to cut jokes with the queen and touch her person and tease her as though she was his sister-in-law! Oh God, Oh God!!"

Although the king's eyes were still closed, he was awake and Gorambha knew that very well. But when the king opened his eyes wide at Gorambha's remarks, Gorambha pretended to be shocked—as if he had never imagined the king to be awake.

The king fixed his stern eyes on the sweeper and demanded, "What did you say? Dantila behaved indecently with the queen, is that so? Tell me in detail what exactly you saw or heard. Quick!"

Gorambha made a face like a sinner's and beating his hands on his head, said, "Pardon me, my lord! I drank whatever was left in all the glasses from which you and the

nobility drank last night at Dantila's house. Consequently, I feel, as though a couple of bees are circling and whizzing within my wretched head. Nor is my tongue in my control."

But the king's mind had been poisoned. He thought, even if Gorambha, who was out of his senses, might have imagined a lot of things, there must be some truth, however small, to have inspired such imaginations in him. "It has not been right on my part to see Dantila so often and to make him so proud," he thought.

Several days passed. Dantila was surprised that he was no more invited by the king to join him in his several sports or hunting expeditions. Running out of patience, one day he came to call on the king. But he was stopped at the gate. The chief gatekeeper explained to him that if he had any business, he could meet the minister. Meeting the king, unless the king was pleased to grant him an appointment, was out of the question.

While the perplexed Dantila was arguing with the gatekeeper, Gorambha happened to pass by. He sported a triumphant smile and shouted, addressing the



gatekeeper, "Beware of the great man you are dealing with, brother! He has a knack at throwing out people. If I could be thrown out of a house, how long would it take for you to be thrown out of the gate?"

It was not difficult for Dantila to understand who had done the mischief. He kept quiet and returned home. The same evening he invited Gorambha to his house and treated him to a sumptuous dinner and draped him in dazzling silk. Gorambha blushed and, bowing to Dantila, said that the noble host would get, before long, the proof of his gratitude.

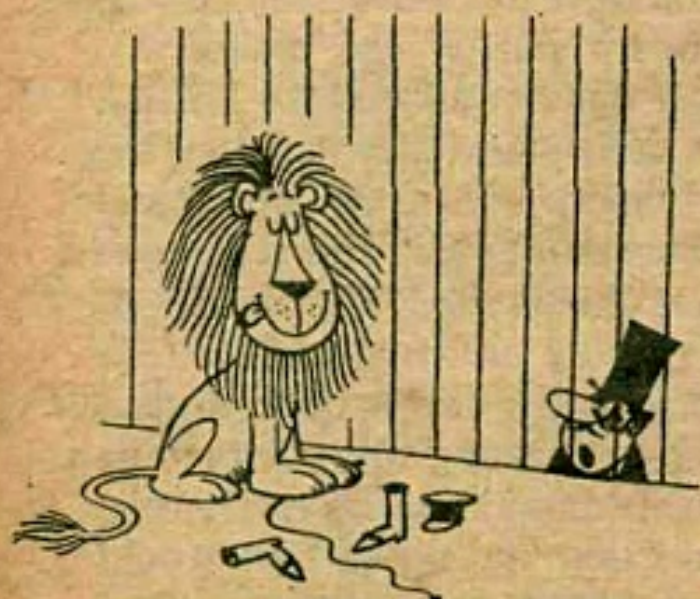


There was a banquet in the palace that very night, in honour of a visiting prince. As usual, Gorambha began to sweep the king's room early in the morning and when he was sure that the king had woken up, although his eyes had not yet begun to flutter, he murmured, "Woe to the time when His majesty

would steal a plate of fried crabs into the lavatory and eat them all there!" The king sat up as though bitten by a scorpion and demanded, "What did you say? I ate crabs inside the lavatory, did I? When did I do that, you rascal?"

Gorambha pressed his head on the king's feet and cried, "My Lord, I drank up all that was left in the glasses and jars after the guests departed last night. I feel as if the devil himself is beating a drum inside my head. I do not know at all what I said!"

The king was now convinced that Gorambha's statements had nothing to do with facts. He repented for misunderstanding Dantila. The first thing he did in the morning was to ride to Dantila's house and repair the breach that had taken place in their friendship.



"Don't imagine that you're going to get dinner as well!"

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

"It was something new to call a girl Florence. Within fifty years there would be thousands of girls all over the world christened Florence in honour of this baby, but in the summer of 1820, when Fanny Nightingale fixed on the name for her daughter, it was new," says Cecil Woodham-Smith in her charming biography of Florence Nightingale.

What did this baby, when she grew up, did that made her name such a prize word? Sometimes the daring and dedication of one person can give a new dignity to a vocation. There lay the greatness of Florence Nightingale.

At a time when nursing the sick in the hospitals or in the battle fronts was in the hands of ignorant, illiterate and irresponsible people, Florence Nightingale, with her noble example, impressed all that this work needed the most kind, considerate and cultured hands. At a time when the rich and the educated would never allow their daughters to take up nursing, Florence, born of highly cultured, rich and aristocratic

parents, revolted against the attitude of the society and paved the way for others of her kind to take up this noble work.

Florence, as her name suggests, was born in that beautiful city of Italy, Florence, where her parents had gone on a pleasure trip, in 1820. She spent her childhood luxuriously with numerous servants at her beck and call, children of other noble families and a number of pets to play with, two big houses surrounded by acres of gardens to live and play in, and loving parents who took her and her sister to show the splendours of the European countries.

As Florence grew up, she became the centre of attraction in the Nightingale family. Her charm and intelligence were the talk of the society in London or wherever they went. But while her parents desired her to prepare for the life of some nobleman's wife, Florence was having strange experiences within herself. She wrote in her diary, when she was sixteen: "On February 7th, 1837, God spoke to me and called me to His service."

Yet, years passed between her getting this inner call and her responding to it. These years were, on one hand, the years of social pleasures, of parties, dances, etc. On the other hand they were the time of intense inner conflict: Can she muster the courage to break away from the conventional life? Or, must she submit to her parents' wish?

But the year, 1842 helped her to decide. It was a terrible year for England, with innumerable people dying of starvation, diseased and hungry multitudes crowding the cities. She wrote: "My mind is absorbed with the idea of the sufferings of man....all that poets sing of the glories of this world seems to me untrue. All the people I see are eaten up with care or poverty or disease."

She heard about Pastor Fliedner and his wife who had set up a hospital at Kaiserwerth in Germany where women were trained for nursing. Florence soon decided to go over there for training. It raised a storm in her family, but she bore with it and finally proceeded to Kaiserwerth. There she worked without any mercy for herself, so that she could learn every bit



of the work. She was happy. She knew that she loved her work. She realised that her life's mission lay in alleviating the suffering of men.

Extreme hard work made her sick. She returned to England. While she was recovering, a war broke out between Russia and England, in 1854. English army landed in Crimea and besieged Sebastopol and since then the war became known as the Crimean War.

As soon as the war began it was found that the English had



made no arrangement worth the name for taking care of those who were injured while fighting. Great was the number of such people and soon there was utter chaos, thousands of soldiers dying due to a total lack of even a basic provision like bandaging a wound!

The reporter of the *Times* of London who saw the condition, wrote in his paper, "Are there no devoted women amongst us, willing and able to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers?"

Well, there were many who were "willing", but none who was "able". The War Minister received hundreds of letters from women offering their services, but he knew that there was only one woman who had the experience and the leadership which the work demanded. She was Florence, whom the minister knew well. After some hesitation he wrote to her, asking, would she accept the challenge? He received the answer even before his letter reached Florence, for, in the meanwhile she had already written to him offering her assistance.

The government lost no time in arranging for her departure, giving her full authority to organise her mission the way she thought best.

She left for the hospital at Scutari, near the battle ground, with a batch of about forty women volunteers.

The hospital was a huge building, but it was inferno inside and hell outside. On reaching there Florence found half a dozen dogs lying dead and decomposing in front of the building. Nobody cared to remove them. Rats played on the dying patients and ate chunks of their flesh. Thousands of the sick lay

without blankets to protect them from cold.

Florence was shocked, but not disheartened. With an iron determination she worked almost round the clock and her example soon inspired all her assistants to follow suit. Attendants who were callous beforehand, now rivalled each other in proving their worth before Florence. A.T. Quiller-couch writes, "... Florence Nightingale, after the orderlies had retired to snatch some rest, would go her round, lamp in hand, along the endless galleries, moving from bed to bed, here pausing to soothe the delirium of a poor fellow who fancied himself still storming Sebastopol, there taking (and never forgetting) the last message of the dying. As she passed, still holding her lamp, sick men raised them-

selves to kiss her shadow on their pillow."

No wonder that this lady with the lamp became a legend in her motherland, England, while she was still at her work, far away, unmindful of all fame.

Her service gave a boost to the spirit of the soldiers as nothing else had given. Soon the war was over. Florence returned to England. But she had made history. The impact of her dedication was on the whole nation, nay, on the whole civilised world. She had given a new status to the vocation of nursing for all time to come.

She was duly honoured by her nation and her sovereign, Queen Victoria. But what is more, she became one of those sweet names which humanity would love to remember through the ages.





GOVIND'S BURIED WEALTH

In the city of Pataliputra lived Govind, a poor young man. He maintained himself by supplying water to a number of houses. He lived in a hut at the northern gate of the city.

Near the southern gate of the city lived a young lady who too earned her livelihood by supplying water to different households. Govind and the lady took a liking for each other and married.

But, for the sake of their work, it was convenient for the couple to live separately in their old huts, although they met whenever they found an opportunity.

On a certain festival day, Govind finished his work early and went to meet his wife. The wife told him, "This day being auspicious, all the people are going to the temple with offerings. Better we too go. I

have two paise with me. How much have you?"

"I too have two paise, hidden under a slab of stone near the northern gate. But what can we offer to the deity with only four paise?" asked Govind.

"Why, we can buy flowers for one paisa, with another paisa we can buy sandalwood paste and the rest can be spent for offering sweets to the deity!" replied his wife.

Govind was delighted at the prospect of visiting the temple with his wife.

"Wait here. I will hurry to the northern gate and return with my two paise soon," he said and began to take long strides.

It was noon and both the road below his feet and the sky above his head were awfully hot. But Govind did not care. He whistled and sang merrily

and walked as fast as he could.

The king happened to look at the road through the main gate of the palace just when Govind passed by. He was an extremely whimsical king.

He suddenly felt curious to know why the young man who looked so poor appeared so happy. He asked one of his servants to bring Govind to his presence. The servant ran to Govind and informed him that the king desired to see him.

"What business could the king have with me?" uttered Govind carelessly even without bothering to stop. But the king's

servant who was a strong man caught hold of him and dragged him to the king's presence.

"Young man, you have neither shoes nor hat and it is a terribly hot noon. Yet what makes you so jolly?" asked the king.

"Hot noon, is it? Your Highness, I was not conscious of it, for I have an exciting idea to work out," replied Govind.

The king asked what was the great idea that made him forget of the hot noon.

"Your Highness, today is a festive day. My wife has accumulated two paise. I too have



deposited an equal amount under a slab at the northern gate. I am going to bring the amount so that we can go to the temple and spend the money in making offerings to the deity. Please let me go, for my wife is waiting," said Govind.

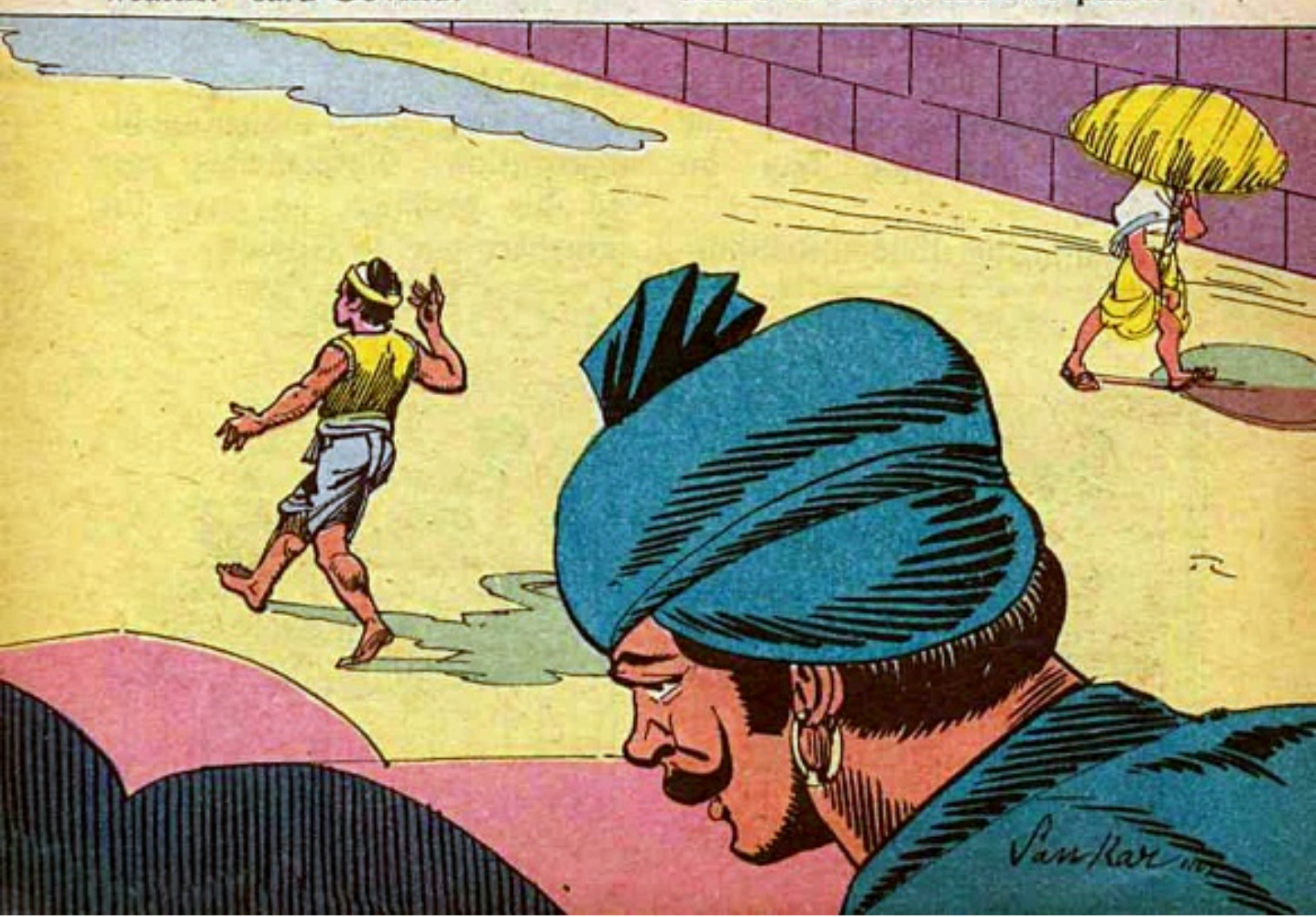
"You need not go all the way up to the northern gate for the amount. I will give you two paise. Go back to your wife," said the king.

"I will be very happy to receive two paise from you, O king. But I must go to the northern gate to collect my wealth!" said Govind.

"Well, I will give you four paise. Do not bother to go to the northern gate," proposed the king.

"Thank you. Please give me the promised amount. But even then I must go to collect the two paise I have deposited," said Govind.

The whimsical king became determined to restrain Govind from going to the northern gate. He went on offering him higher and higher amounts. But even when he proposed to give Govind a lakh of rupees, Govind did not give up his desire to collect his two paise.





In a feat of whim the king said, "If you give up your two paise, I will make you king over half of my kingdom and leave half of this city to you."

"Please do so, Your Highness," said Govind.

The king called his minister and ordered him to prepare a document vesting half of the kingdom and the city on Govind.

The minister divided the king-

dom and the city into two parts, northern and southern, and asked the king which part would be given to Govind. The king asked Govind to choose.

"Your Highness! Please give me the northern part, for, my wealth, two paise, remains hidden in that part!"

The king sighed indicating his frustration. Nevertheless, true to his promise, he gave the northern part to Govind.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



BAJI PRABHU



Shivaji, the mighty Maratha hero, proved himself a great menace to the Mughal emperor of Delhi as well as to the rulers of territories under the Mughal empire.

It was 1660. Shivaji was staying in a fort at Panhala. The Sultan of Bijapur sent a huge army under the command of Salabat Khan to siege the fort and capture Shivaji. The siege continued for several days.



One day, holding white flags, some emissaries of Shivaji came out to meet Salabat Khan and asked him on what terms he will lift the siege.



While the emissaries kept Salabat Khan engaged in negotiations, Shivaji escaped through the rear door of the fort, disguised as an old man and accompanied by a few brave lieutenants. Horses for them were kept ready at some distance.

But as soon as Shivaji and his party put off their disguise and got on their horses, an enemy spy saw them. Salabat Khan, with his army, gave them a hot chase.



The horses which Shivaji and his men had hurriedly arranged were not smart enough. Salabat Khan and some of his soldiers soon caught up with them. A fight ensued. But Shivaji easily defeated the enemy.

In his party Shivaji had a trusted, valiant friend, Baji Prabhu. He whispered to Shivaji, "Khan will attack us again as soon as his large army reaches him. We must speed up towards the hills."



They entered the narrow pass of Ghodkhind just as Salabat Khan caught up with them again, this time with his big army. Baji persuaded Shivaji to cross the pass and escape to his fort at Vishalgad. Shivaji promised to fire his cannon thrice to indicate his safe arrival.

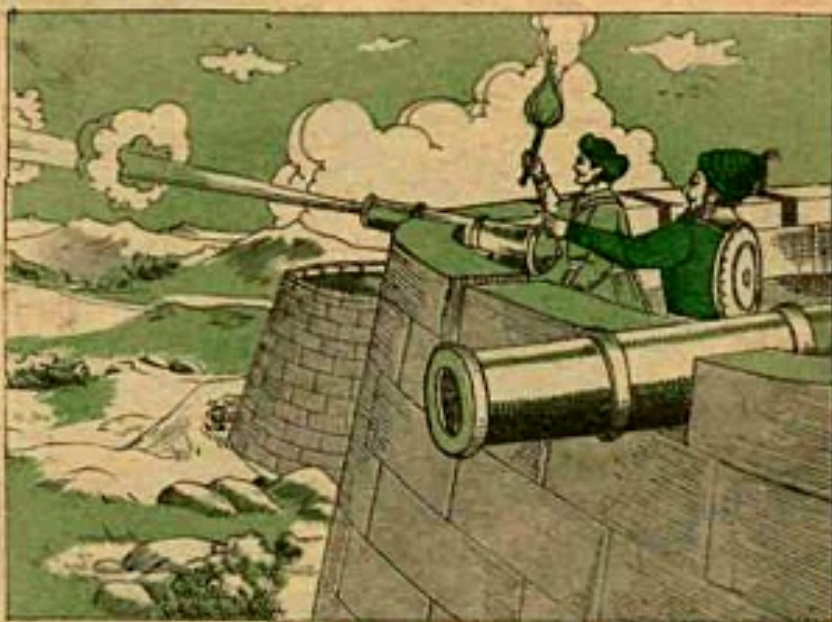
Baji Prabhu and his few comrades gave a tough time to the enemy army. Either they blocked the entry of the narrow pass or they allowed some enemy soldiers to enter only to crush them with boulders.





When, in spite of such ordeals, the enemy tried to thrust themselves through the pass, Baji daringly jumped into their midst, thereby diverting their attention. Still they could not capture him. He again escaped into the pass.

Thus Baji Prabhu kept the enemy engaged with the sole motive of giving his leader, Shivaji, the chance to reach Vishalgad. At last he heard the booming sounds of the cannons coming from Vishalgad.



By that time the enemy, in utter despair, had retreated, leaving Baji Prabhu mortally wounded. But Baji did not care. His purpose had been achieved. He died smiling—but to live in history as a noble patriot and martyr—the saviour of the great Shivaji.



TACKLING THE DACOITS

This happened many years ago. In a certain prosperous village lived Ramagupta, a rich businessman. He had two sons.

Once Ramagupta was a wealthy man. But he had run into bad days. Although he had a grand mansion, he had hardly any money left with him.

But he was never disappointed, although he was growing old. He always hoped that time will change and he will prosper again.

In those days a gang of dacoits proved a menace in that area. Their leader was notorious for his ruthlessness and cleverness. The king announced a big reward for anyone who could help capture him. But the leader and his

gang were more than a match for the king and his officers.

One evening news reached the villagers that the dacoits were heading towards their village. All the villagers escaped into the neighbouring village. But Ramagupta told his sons, "I am too old to run like others. I will hide behind our house. Do not bother about me."

After the sons left, the old man hid in a secret ditch behind his house covered by a small thatch.

The dacoits ransacked all the houses, one after another. They put in two bags whatever gold and cash they found and the bags were carried by the leader himself who rode a horse and directed the operations.

At last they came to Rama-

gupta's house. The dacoits searched the house for a long time and reported to their leader, who waited near the ditch where Ramagupta hid, that they found nothing in the house.

"What! Such a big house and you say there is nothing in it!" growled the leader and tying his horse to a stone and leaving the two bags on the horseback, he entered the house to show his people how to search.

Ramagupta immediately came out of his hiding and released the horse after removing the bags from its back.

The horse loitered in the fields,

grazing. After sometime the leader returned to the spot and was surprised to find his horse grazing a furlong away. But his surprise soon turned into shock when he found the bags missing. He searched the ground thoroughly, thinking that the bags might have fallen down. When he did not find them, he informed his followers about the loss. They became suspicious of their leader's conduct. One of them said, "There is not a soul in the village excepting us. Who can take away the bags?"

"Depend on me. I will recover the bags somehow or the





other," boasted the leader. Ramagupta could hear his angry words.

As soon as the dacoits left the village, the villagers returned to their houses.

Next day Ramagupta found a stranger offering to sell a lovely horse to the villagers. Ramagupta instantly recognised him. He was the leader of the gang. The leader wanted to see who would come forward to buy the horse. He knew that one who has suddenly got a lot of money would naturally be tempted to possess a good horse.

Nobody in the village bought the horse. But Ramagupta

knew that the dacoit would not give up so easily. He would perhaps try to overhear the talks that would go on in their household since he had lost the bags behind their house.

Ramagupta had guessed right. The dacoit hid himself inside a bush behind their house after nightfall. Because Ramagupta was alert, he could know it.

Ramagupta loudly told his sons, "Listen, today I found two heavy bags behind our house."

"What did you do with them?" asked the sons.

"I threw them into our well for their safe-keeping. Tomor-



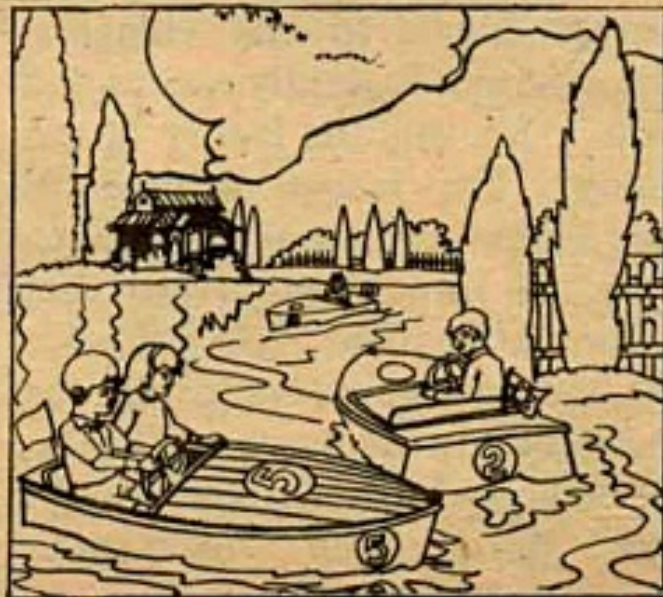
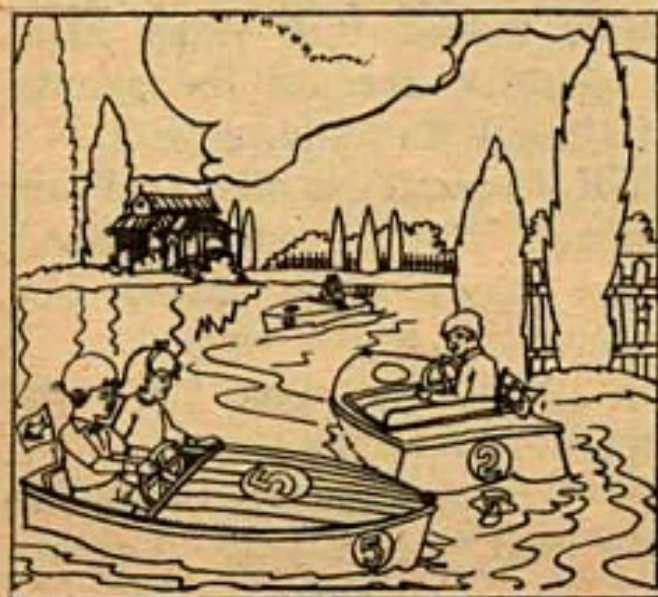
row we should ask everybody in the village if anybody had lost such bags," said Ramagupta.

The dacoit was delighted to hear this. At midnight he descended into the well by the help of a rope. Ramagupta saw this looking through his window. He called his sons and they rushed to the well. At Ramagupta's instruction one son cut the rope and another

son threatened to smash the dacoit's head and ordered him to stand still in the water.

Soon the villagers gathered there. Some people ran to inform the king about the big catch. After the leader was captured it was not difficult to round up other members of the gang. Ramagupta received a big reward from the king. The villagers got back their lost wealth and lived in peace.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE WAY OF JUSTICE

Ram and Shyam, two neighbours, started from their village for a visit to the town. They had covered only half the way when it was evening. They took shelter in a landlord's house.

When it was morning and they were ready to resume their journey, their host gave them two small packets and said, "Take these few breads. Eat them when you feel hungry."

Ram and Shyam thanked their host and set out. They reached near a lake by noon. They bathed in the lake and then sat down under a tree to enjoy their lunch.

When they opened their packets they found that Ram's

packet contained three breads while Shyam's packet contained two.

Shyam grumbled, "I did not know that the landlord was such a mean fellow. Why did he give me less?"

"It is unkind of you to say so, Shyam! Shouldn't we rather be grateful to the landlord that he cared to give us the breads at all? In a hurry he might have kept two in your packet and three in mine. But never mind. I am ready to give you half a bread from my packet. Would that be all right?" said Ram.

But before they had begun eating, a stranger reached there and said, "Brothers! I am quite tired and hungry. Would you



mind sharing your breads with me? You won't have to repent for your loss, I assure you!"

"You are most welcome. Sit down and let us share equally whatever we have," said Ram enthusiastically. Shyam did not like it at all. But he was obliged to keep mum.

They ate the breads, each enjoying an equal share. The stranger then thanked Ram and Shyam and pushed five rupees into Ram's hand before leaving.

Ram handed over two rupees to Shyam, saying, "Here is your share."

Shyam frowned and said, "Why do you deprive me of

another half rupee? We must share the stranger's gift equally between ourselves!"

Ram would have happily passed on half a rupee more to Shyam if the latter would have been gentle and polite. But Shyam's attitude angered him. He said, "Let us go to the nearest judge. Let him decide the case."

Shyam had no objection to this. Before evening they reached a big village where a judge held his court. Ram and Shyam stated their case before him and prayed for his decision.

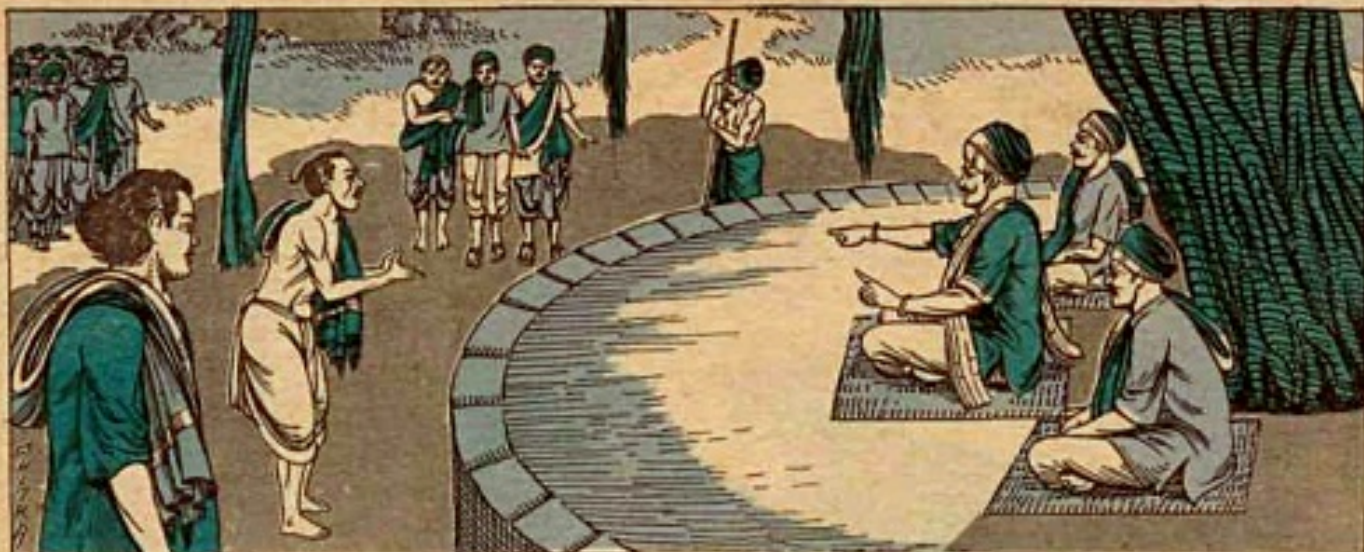
The judge thought a little and told Shyam, "You have received two rupees, have you? Return one rupee to Ram immediately!"

Shyam was taken aback. He fumbled, "Sir, I don't understand how you pass such a strange order! I came to you so that you will order Ram to give me half a rupee more. But instead, you are asking me to return one rupee to Ram!"

"My friend! I cannot act as you please. I have to act as the principle of justice demands!" said the judge.

"What is the principle followed here?" demanded Shyam.

"It is simple. Tell me, how



did you divide your breads?" asked the judge.

"We took one bread at a time and broke it into three pieces and ate one piece each thereby each one eating five pieces in all," replied Shyam.

"Good. You had two breads. How many pieces your two breads made?" asked the judge.

"Six pieces," replied Shyam.

"Out of your six pieces, you must have eaten five pieces and the stranger must have got one piece only. Ram's three breads

made nine pieces. The stranger must have eaten four pieces out of them. The stranger gave five rupees for his five pieces. Since he ate four pieces from Ram's share, he intended Ram to have four rupees. Since he ate one piece from your share, he intended you to have one rupee," explained the judge.

Shyam sighed and was ready to return a rupee to Ram. But Ram allowed Shyam to keep it and said, "My friend! It does not pay to be greedy and quarrelsome in the long run!"

FUN WITH SCIENCE

HERE'S a chance to practise an amusing party trick: If you take two coins, place them together and move them up and down with the fore-finger of each hand, a third coin will appear between the other two! This 'phantom' coin always appears below the two real ones.

Try it on your friends...ask them

how many coins you are rubbing. Almost always the answer will be "three!"



Giving the world the pip



Oh that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!
Then I should ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressed
me.

When Poet George Herbert sang this, he naturally thought orange to be not only a beautiful fruit, but a fruit worthy of offering to God.

He was right. And luckily, oranges are abundantly available to come within everybody's

reach in any one of its variety or in any one of its name, such as, so far as India is concerned, *Narangafala* (Sanskrit), *Kamla* (Telugu, Oriya, Bengali, Assamese), *Kamlappalam* (Tamil), *Sangatara* (Gurumukhi, Urdu and Kashmiri), *Narangi* (Sindhi) *Naringe* (Marathi) *Santaru* (Gujarati), *Madhuranaring* (Malayalam), *Kittalle* (Kannada) etc.

Thousands of years before Christ, Chinese seamen, sailing

their junks (Chinese vessels) southward for war or trade, carried basketfuls of oranges as a protection against scurvy, a disease marked by bleeding from which seamen often suffered. This was the beginning of a series of journeys the fruit was to make over the centuries, for, pips, scattered from the junks wherever they stopped along the trade routes to Indonesia, Burma and Hindustan, grew into trees.

From these regions, Arab traders carried oranges to Persia and North Africa some time during the 10th century. Although the Romans introduced the fruit into Europe, the Moors were mainly responsible for establishing them in southern Spain, and the Crusaders brought them to England. At this time, we knew them as oranges from their Persian name, *naranj*, and they were a very expensive luxury. (In India the original name is retained in several languages, in slightly variant forms.) But these early oranges were the bitter varieties and were chiefly valued for

their juice which was used as a condiment with fish and meat.

In later centuries, when personal hygiene was not given much consideration, dried oranges were made into pomanders, or scent-balls. Sweet oranges, which had evolved after centuries of acclimatisation in southern Europe, were known in England in the 16th century but were costly. Even a hundred years later, the famous orange-seller of Drury Lane, Nell Gwynne, charged six pence each when the average wage was seven shillings a week.

Oranges are a valuable fruit. Those that are not sold for eating raw have many uses in industry. Bitter oranges feature in liqueurs, particularly Guraçao, and in marmalade. An extract from the pips of an Algerian variety, the Bergamot, is an ingredient in a vegetable oil. Pectin, a jellifying agent, is obtained from the white pith of oranges, while the skins are used for candied peel and, because they contain hydrocarbon, in the manufacture of paint for ships.



WHO WAS THE SINNER?

Dhanagupta was a clever business man. He knew only one thing: how to earn ever more money. He did not care whether the means of doing so were good or bad.

He, naturally, became a very wealthy man. Several other traders of his area found their ideal in Dhanagupta. They too prospered well—if gathering a lot of money meant prosperity!

But when Dhanagupta grew old, he began to worry about life after death. He had read in scriptures that dishonest people were condemned to hell after their death. From his own record of deeds he had no doubt that as soon as he kicked the bucket his spirit too would be

kicked down to hell.

So he decided to do something holy to escape from hell and, to begin with, prepared to go on a pilgrimage.

When the news of Dhanagupta's proposed pilgrimage spread, three other traders of the locality came forward to accompany him. Not that they were interested in matters religious, but they knew that whatever Dhanagupta did, he did it for some gain. He must have been sure of some profit from the pilgrimage. Why should they be deprived of it? So they met Dhanagupta and requested him to take them with him. Dhanagupta agreed, for, he knew that the cost of travel per head

would be less if they travelled together. Besides, if one fell ill, others could take care of him.

At first they thought of going to Kashi. But that would mean spending a lot of money. They decided to visit Rameswaram which was relatively near.

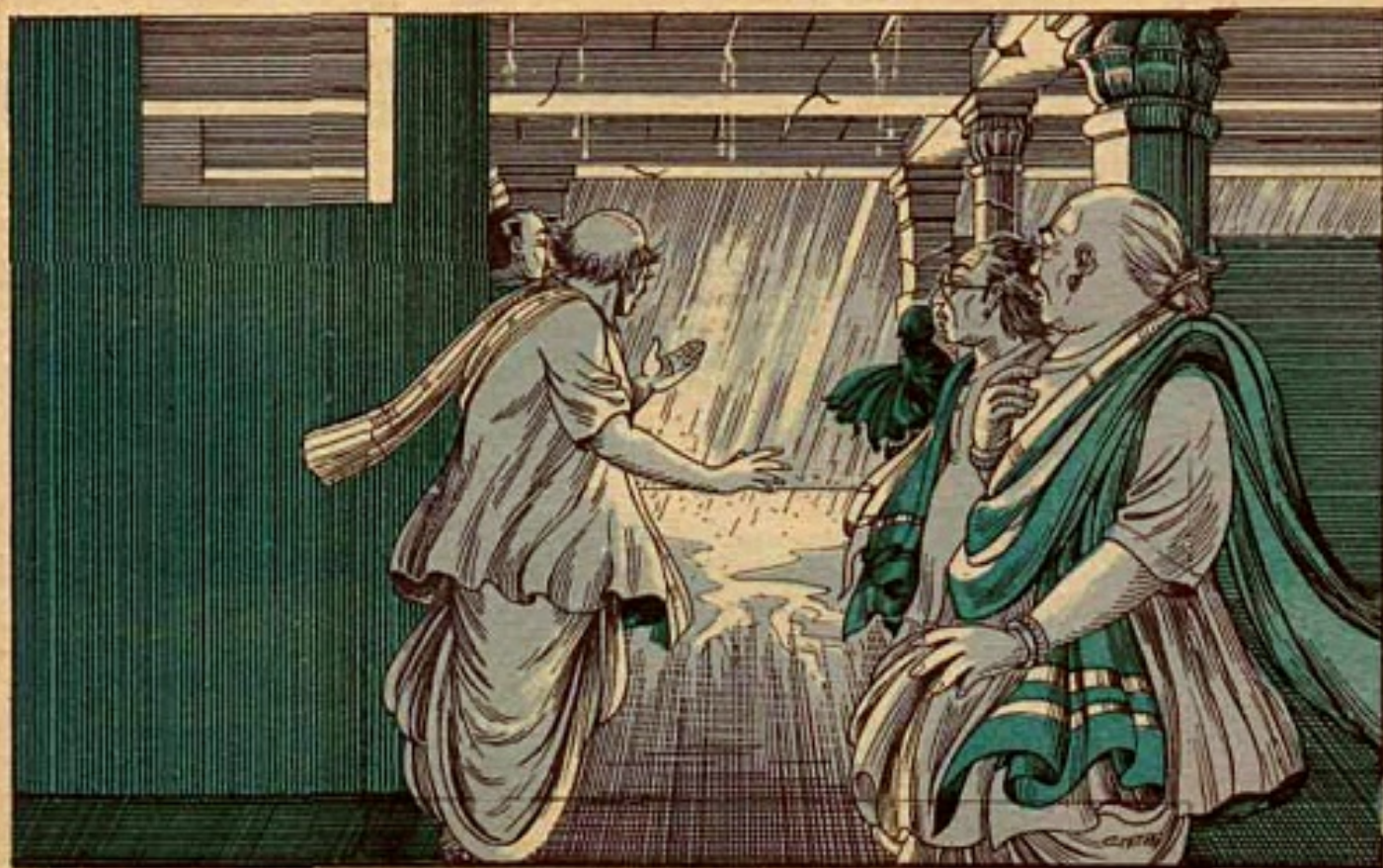
In their village lived a poor, untouchable man named Ramdayal. He had visited Rameswaram several times. The pilgrims decided to take him as their guide.

In an auspicious moment they set forth for Rameswaram, Ramdayal leading them. They walked for several days, spending their nights in roadside

inns. While Rameswaram was still two days' walk-away, one evening they faced a storm. They took shelter in a temple and waited for the storm to subside. But far from subsiding, the storm became fiercer by the hour. There were frequent lightnings and terrible thunderclaps. Soon a thunderbolt struck a tree only yards away from the temple.

The pilgrims trembled in fear. But their panic was even greater when a part of the temple was knocked off by a thunderbolt, giving a big shake to the whole building.

"My god! I have never known



such a storm in my life!" observed one of the pilgrims.

"Neither have I," said each member of the party.

"But why have we been subjected to such a punishment? I am afraid, there is a sinner among us. We all shall perhaps die on account of him," said Dhana-gupta.

Who was the sinner? They looked at each other.

"This—this must be the sinner" they blared out almost at the same time pointing their fingers at the poor Ramdayal. "He is an untouchable. No wonder that the gods are furious as he has entered the temple," they said and ordered Ramdayal to get out.

"My masters! I will go away, but allow me time till the elements calm down," implored

Ramdayal. "I might be a sinner. But certainly my sin is reduced since I am serving you people!" he added.

"Never," shrieked the traders, "You cannot continue to defile this sacred place any more!"

"But I will die if I go out now!" mumbled Ramdayal.

"That does not matter!" said the traders as they pushed him out of the temple.

Ramdayal ran at a tree and stood under it. Suddenly strings of lightning dazzled and he closed his eyes. Then followed a booming and crashing sound.

When Ramdayal opened his eyes, he saw a crumbled heap of stones. The temple had disappeared. And along with the temple had disappeared the four pilgrims!



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mrs. Pramila M. Bendre



Mrs. Pramila M. Bendre

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st May.
- Winning captions will be announced in JULY issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS - 600 026.

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in March Issue

The Prize is awarded to
Dr. A. B. Gandhi
3-3-820/1 Kutbiguda
HYDERABAD-27
Andhra Pradesh

Winning Entry — 'Struggle to Survive' — 'Rest to Revive'



THE CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Ages ago, there was a king who had every reason to be happy. He had a beautiful queen and nice children. Around the palace was a fine garden. The people of the land were prosperous.

But the king was not happy, because he could not sleep well at night. He had tried several medicines prescribed by famous physicians of his own land as well as of the neighbouring lands, but to no avail.

One night he could not sleep even a wink. He felt disgusted. As soon as it was dawn he dressed as a common man and left the palace through a secret door.

After walking for two hours he entered a forest. The breeze and the coolness of the atmosphere gave him peace.

Soon he heard a continuous thudding sound. He looked in all directions and saw a man cutting a tree.

"Poor fellow! How hard he works!" thought the king as he looked on.

A minute later the woodcutter stopped, wiped his seat and lay flat in a care-free mood. But suddenly he saw the disguised king and sat up.

"You seem very tired. Better relax for a while," said the king.

"Thank God! At first I mis-

took you as my boss, the supervisor of the forest. He will whip me if he finds me resting," said the man. Then he watched the king closely and said again, "You seem to be a nobleman, not accustomed to hard work. Your hands are soft. Look at mine. They are as rugged as the crocodile's back! Are you a tailor?"

"No, I am not," answered the king smilingly, "But you look sleepy. How can you sleep after such hard work?"

"How can I sleep?" asked the man who appeared amazed at the question, "Why, I could sleep for a week at a stretch if I had the opportunity!"

"Really?" commented the king.

"I am poor. Unless I work every day, I cannot feed my family. Otherwise I could sleep to my heart's content," mused the man.

"Have you heard how the king suffers from sleeplessness?" asked the king.

"Yes. That surprises me. He must be having a wonderful bed and servants to fan him. I don't understand why he should have no sleep!" said the man.

The king kept quiet. The man stood up, saying, "I can-



not afford to sit any longer. I must finish cutting the other tree before the supervisor comes."

He then began to strike his axe against a tree. The king kept looking at him for a while admiringly and then said, "My friend! Please take rest for an hour under a tree. I want to see how you sleep!"

"But did I not tell you that I must finish cutting this tree soon?" said the man.

"Do not worry about that. I will work for you," replied the king and took over the axe from the man.

The wood-cutter looked



commoner. They saluted him and said with concern, "Your Highness! We were dying with anxiety at your sudden disappearance!"

The king ordered them, "Carry this sleeping man to the

palace in such a way that his sleep is not disturbed. Put him on a bed of silk. When he wakes up, feed him sumptuously and allow him to sleep again. He has taught me the cure for my sleeplessness!"

WHAT ARE LAKE DWELLINGS?

In Borneo, Malaysia and other parts of the world, whole villages exist by the shores of rivers and lakes. Yet the home in which the people live are not on the banks but are built out over the water. Whether by a river or a lake, these homes are always called lake dwellings.



The Deity at the Land's end

On the southern most tip of the Indian land stands the temple of the charming deity, Kanya Kumari. During the *Navarathri* festival in October, the quiet place turns crowded, thousands of men and women coming to pay their homage to the deity, for, the festival commemorates Kanya Kumari's victory over a fearful demon, Vanasura.

That happened thousands of years ago. Sages and even gods were scared of Vanasura who wandered in the southern region of India creating havoc. His sole delight, it seems, lay in destroying temples, and disturbing *yajnas* performed by the rishis. Even the kings were afraid of him.

The rishis of the land prayed to the Divine Mother to protect them from the menace that was Vanasura. The Divine Mother, in response, descended to the earth, taking birth as the daughter of a king whose palace stood at the Land's End.

As the princess grew up, her fame spread like the sweet fragrance of a bouquet of jasmynes.

Many a royal suitor was eager to marry her. Her father, the king, too was anxious to choose the brightest of them for a son-in-law.

But the princess knew that the one whom she could marry was Shiva, her consort through all her incarnations.

She sat in deep meditation and concentrated on Shiva.

High on the Mount Kailash, in the Himalayas, Shiva felt restless. He consented to come down to the Land's End to be united with the goddess.

At the end of her meditation, the princess told her father to arrange for the marriage, for, Shiva had promised to arrive at midnight, the auspicious hour for the marriage.

There was great rejoicing in the palace, with people shouting out their joy and musicians singing and playing lustily. Mounds of rice and a variety of items were prepared to feed the people.

The joyful hullabaloo reached the ears of Vanasura. "What is the matter?" he asked his ghoulish companions. "O

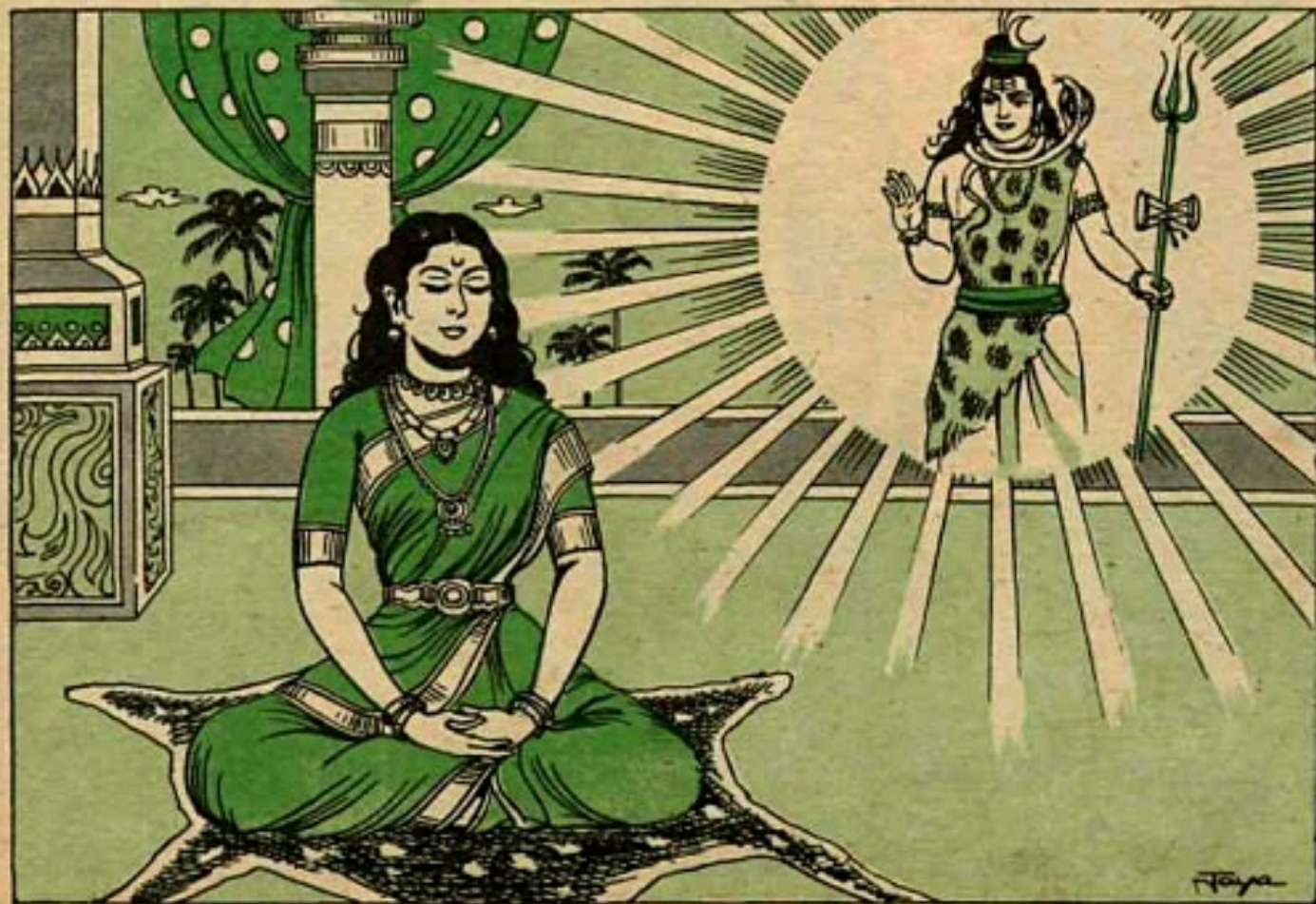
Jewel among Demons, the people are preparing for the marriage of their princess—a most beautiful maiden,” replied the companions. “Most beautiful, is that so? In that case it is I who should marry her,” said the demon gleefully and reached the palace gate in a few strides. All the merry noise was silenced at his approach. He demanded of the king to be received as the bridegroom.

The king, naturally, declined. The furious demon tried to enter the palace by force. The

princess heard the commotion and came out. With a lightning stroke of her sword, she silenced the arrogant demon for good.

Vanasura had been killed at last! It was great news. All sang the glory of the princess. All were happy, but the princess herself! She was waiting for Shiva. But where was he? midnight was approaching fast!

Shiva, true to his promise, had left Kailash to reach the Land's End in time. But the gods and sages, afraid that he would take away the princess before Vanasura had been killed,

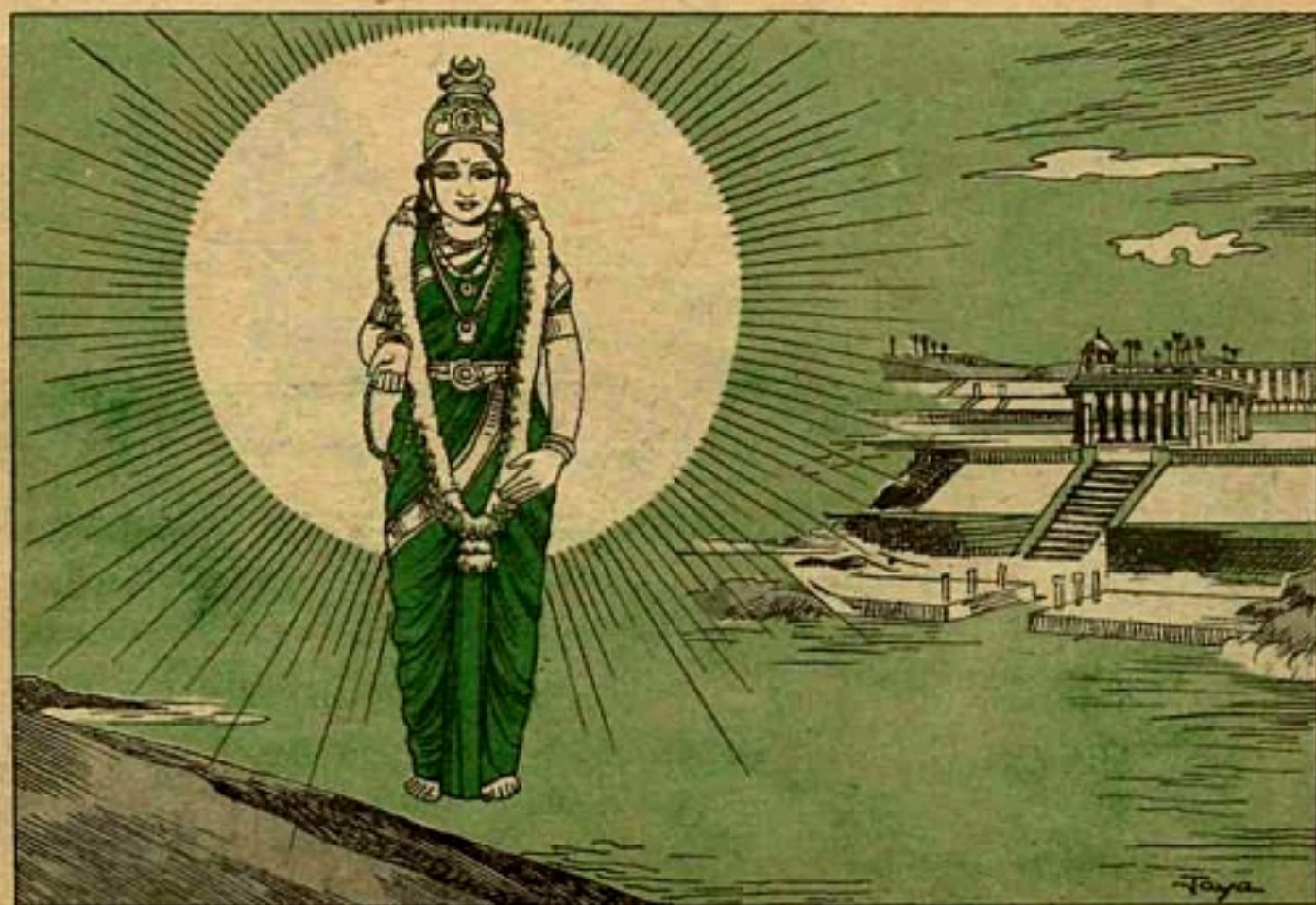


had done their best to foil his mission. Sage Narada had changed himself into a cock and had crowed from a roadside bush. Shiva, thinking that it was already dawn, sat down, disappointed. And for him sitting down meant forgetting everything and going into deep trance!

But the princess, since then known as Kanya Kumari—the Virgin Goddess—has not given up the hope. She waits patiently, fixing her gaze on the horizon of the rising sun, a garland in her right hand, for the day

when Shiva would wake up and appear before her.

For centuries the temple of Kanya Kumari and the place around her which too is known by her name, have been considered most sacred. There meet the three seas: the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea. It is an enchanting spot. Even the sands and, the colourful pebbles look beautiful. But they were, after all, the food that had been cooked for the marriage feast—changed into stones in course of time—the legends would say!





Rama, sad and anxious, asked Sugriva about the whereabouts of Ravana. But Sugriva, himself overwhelmed by Rama's agony, replied, "Unfortunately, I do not know where Ravana lives. But rest assured, I will soon find out. I will leave no stone unturned in my efforts at rescuing Sita Devi. I too have lost my wife to Vali. But we must not make ourselves even more miserable by losing hope and patience."

Thus consoled by Sugriva, Rama wiped his tears and said, "Sugriva, you have spoken like a true friend. I am lucky to have you as my friend and guide. Please do your best to gather all informations about Ravana and to rescue Sita. And tell me frankly what you

expect of me. You can certainly depend on me for vanquishing Vali. I have never made a false promise till today, and I will never make one in future."

Sugriva and his companions were delighted at these words. Sugriva told Rama, "I am glad that you can feel the depth of my agony. Vali has taken away my wife. How can I forget that humiliation? And how can I live bearing that humiliation in my heart? Vali is not satisfied merely driving me out of my home and land, he has tried several times to kill me. Of course, all those who had been sent by him to kill me, were killed by me. But I pass my days in continuous fear. You can imagine what would have



happened to me had I not been constantly protected by Hanuman and a few other dear lieutenants."

"So far as Vali is concerned, he should fall to a single arrow from my bow. He shall meet his end as soon as he comes before me. You will be free from the fear of Vali before long," assured Rama.

Sugriva narrated all about the strength Vali possessed and the discipline he followed: Vali gets up before it is dawn and bathes in four oceans and offers his prayers. Then he lifts huge rocks and smashes them and uproots big trees, thereby trying his strength himself. He

had once killed the demon Dundhuvi who was as strong as a thousand elephants.

Dundhuvi looked like a gigantic buffalo. Proud of his strength he at first went to the sea and challenged it to a combat.

The sea told the demon, "I am not fit enough to fight with you. Better proceed to the Himalaya and fight with the great mountain to your heart's content."

Dundhuvi was happy that the sea feared him. He then hurried towards the Himalaya and began tearing the hard rocks with his terrible horns while letting out loud roars.

The spirit of the Himalaya, assuming a godly shape, told him, "O mighty Dundhuvi, why do you disturb me as well as the innumerable sages who are meditating in my region?"

Dundhuvi said angrily, "If you too are unable to accept my challenge, then with whom should I fight?"

"If fight you must, then go to Vali of Kiskindhya. He has been defeated by none," replied the Himalaya.

Dundhuvi rushed to Kiskindhya and roared lustily and uprooted trees and knocked

down parts of the wall that surrounded Vali's palace.

Vali came out, followed by a number of ladies, and shouted at the demon, "I know you, O Dundhuvi. Why do you roar in vain? You are tired of life, are you?"

The furious Dundhuvi retorted, "What use trying to impress the ladies with your idle words? Come on, let us fight. If you don't want to, I give you time till tomorrow morning. Conclude all your worldly business. Take farewell from your dear ones. Have a last look at your kingdom. Then I will appear again and gore you to death."

Vali sent away the ladies and put on a necklace given to him by Indra. Then he jumped at the demon and holding him by his horns, drove him backward in a circle and threw him on the ground. Blood flowed out of the demon's ears.

But Dundhuvi got up soon and charged at Vali again. They fought for a while. But soon the demon began losing his strength. Vali threw him down again and that finished him. Vali then lifted the corpse and hurled it away. It fell near the Ashram of the sage Matanga



at Rushyamuk and splattered the place with blood.

The aghast sage cursed Vali saying that he would die if ever he came anywhere near the Ashram. He ordered Vali's subjects who lived nearby to vacate the place. He threatened them to turn them into stones otherwise.

The subjects went to Kiskindhya and narrated their woe to Vali. Vali sent appeals to the sage requesting him to withdraw the curse. But the sage did not oblige him. Since then Vali never ventured towards Rushyamuk. This proved a boon for Sugriva, for, he took shelter there.



After narrating this, Sugriva showed Rama the corpse of Dundhuvi which still lay there. He also pointed at a row of seven strong *sal* trees and said, "Vali can pierce with his arrow any of these trees. O Rama, how can you kill him, who is so strong?"

Lakshmana smiled and said, "Tell us, Sugriva, what will give you faith in Rama's strength?"

"If Rama's arrow can pierce through one of these *sal* trees and can drive Dundhuvi's corpse fifty yards away, I will believe that he can, indeed, kill Vali!" said Sugriva and he continued, looking at Rama,

"Great is Vali's strength. He has never known defeat. Because I know him well, I deem it my duty to tell you everything frankly, I have no other motive."

Rama said in a genial tone, "All right, I will do something to give you faith in my capacity." With these words Rama tossed Dundhuvi's corpse away to a distance of forty miles with just a light kick.

But Sugriva was not impressed. He observed, "O Rama! It was a dry corpse. Vali had been able to hurl it so far from Kiskindhya even while it was fresh. Hence this feat of yours is not sufficient to convince me of your superiority. I will appreciate your strength if your arrow can pierce and pass through a *sal* tree."

Rama lost no time in aiming at the row of seven *sal* trees. In the twinkling of an eye his arrow shot through all the seven trees and dived into the earth.

Sugriva's surprise knew no bound. He prostrated himself to Rama and said, "O Rama! You can defeat not only Vali, but Indra and the whole host of gods, if you so desire! I am uniquely blessed by your friend-



ship." Rama embraced Sugriva and after consulting Lakshmana, said, "Sugriva! Let us proceed to Kiskindhya. You march ahead of us and challenge Vali to a combat."

On reaching Kiskindhya, all except Sugriva hid themselves in a wood in the outskirts of Vali's palace while Sugriva shouted out his challenge standing in front of the palace. Vali rushed out immediately and they were locked in a wrestle soon.

Both looked alike. It was impossible for Rama to know which of them was Vali. He could not release his arrow. Soon the exhausted Sugriva fled.

Vali pursued Sugriva. But as Sugriva approached Rushyamuk, Vali had to retreat. When Sugriva saw Rama, he complained, "Why did you want me to be humiliated again, O Rama?"

But for your advice, I would not have gone to fight with Vali. If you had decided not to interfere, then why did you inspire me to challenge Vali?"

"Hear, O Sugriva, the reason why I did not discharge my arrow. You looked alike. Even the manners, looks and voices of both appeared same. How could have I shot the arrow? It might have struck you! Do not have any misgiving about my motive. Now, I propose, you wear a garland. That would help me to distinguish you from Vali. You will see how easily you will emerge victorious this time."

Rama then instructed Lakshmana to prepare a garland for Sugriva.

Sugriva felt encouraged again. He put on the garland and turned towards Kiskindhya.

Contd.





THE HORSE THAT GOT AWAY

A funny guru had some funny disciples. One day one of the disciples told others, "Great is our guru. But what a pity that he has to use his legs for going from place to place! Is it desirable on our part to allow the great soul to walk?"

"Certainly not!" said another.

"We should carry him on our shoulders," proposed a third disciple.

"He is too old to keep his balance. If the guru topples down, it would be scandal," said the fourth one.

"Nonsense!" said the first one, "We must buy him a horse!"

"What a grand idea!" all agreed.

The guru was duly informed of the scheme and he gladly allowed two of his cleverer disciples to go and buy a horse.

The two disciples, on their way to the market, saw a number of horses grazing on the bank of a lake. Nearby was a field abounding in nice round pumpkins. One of the two disciples said, "Listen, my brother, a horse would cost a fat lot of money. Why not we buy one of those horse-eggs yonder and warm it up for the colt to come out? That, I am sure, would be cheaper!"

The other disciple appreciated the idea. Both returned to the guru and placed the revised scheme before him for his approval. The guru was pleased and said, "I am glad to see that my disciples have inherited a bit of my wisdom. Fine. Fetch the egg soon."

In a meeting of all the disciples it was decided that they would sit on the egg one day

each to warm it up for the colt to emerge.

The two disciples soon appeared near the lake and asked the farmer who had his cottage in a corner of the field, "Brother! How much would you charge for a horse-egg?" While putting the question to him, they pointed their fingers at the pumpkins and added, "Please be considerate. It is for our guru that we want it!"

The farmer understood that luck had brought two rare fools to him. He said, "Ordinarily I charge fifty rupees for one such egg. But since you want it for your guru, you can take one for twentyfive rupees only."

The disciples thanked the farmer. The farmer picked up a rotten pumpkin and sold it to them.

The disciples marched back with the pumpkin. Midway,

they felt tired and decided to relax for a while.

"Better let me sit on the egg and begin to warm it," said one of them. But no sooner had he sat on the pumpkin than it burst. He shrieked and got up. A rabbit which hid under a nearby bush ran away in panic.

"Look, look at the smart jolly colt. What a marvellous horse it would make!" the other disciple said. Both ran after the rabbit to capture it, but in vain.

Sad and exhausted, they returned to the guru and made a report of their abortive adventure.

The guru consoled them, saying, "If it is not in my luck to ride a horse, what can you do?"

"We can do this much, guru, we can put you in a sack and carry you about on our head!" proposed the disciples. The guru liked the idea.





KNOWING HOW NOT TO READ

The old Vidyapati was a saintly man and a great pundit. From far and near young men flocked to him. They stayed in his Ashram and learnt according to their aspiration and capacity.

Among his pupils was Ramoo. Intelligent and studious though, he was very proud. As surely as a peacock unfolded its feathers and danced whenever it saw clouds, Ramoo came out with some pompous quotations from the scriptures whenever he saw some people.

His fellow-pupils disliked him for his vanity, and his guru, Vidyapati, never missed a chance to tell him, very politely though, that it was not in good taste to wear the scholarship on the sleeve. But Ramoo always sulked under the impression

that his genius was denied the recognition it deserved. The guru's chastisement proved too light to sink through his thick vanity.

"People here are jealous of me. But once I go abroad all will just fall for me," Ramoo one day confided to one of his friends. The matter was reported to the guru.

Vidyapati at last decided to give Ramoo a chance to see for himself how he was received by the wide world. He called Ramoo and said, "My child, fifty miles away, my friend Pundit Raghunath has his Ashram. I wish to send a letter to him. Will you mind carrying it to him? If you so like, you can stay there for a few days for a change and get to know Raghunath's pupils."

Ramoo jumped at the proposal. "Yes, revered guru," he said, "I will love to undertake the travel to your friend's Ashram."

Next day, early in the morning, Ramoo put on an ochre robe, smeared his forehead with sandalwood paste and thus looking like a young mendicant—he had lately grown a tiny beard—set out for the distant Ashram.

He was happy to trek through unknown villages and meadows. The nature was beautiful and the weather was pleasant. But he looked forward to a different kind of happiness—to be shown due respect by the people. Although several men passed by him and some of them smiled to him and some even greeted him courteously, for he was dressed as a mendicant, nobody prostrated himself to him as people did to his guru.

"Only when I sit down, people will get a chance to show proper respect to me," he thought.

Soon he saw a small crowd under a big banian tree. There was a fight between two rams and the crowd surrounding them was enjoying it, shouting,

whistling and applauding.

Ramoo saw in it an ideal opportunity to attract the people's attention. He sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and closing his eyes—but not fully, for he must see how people reacted to him—loudly recited a Sanskrit couplet of high philosophical import, as if entirely to himself.

But before the crowd had taken notice of him, he was seen by one of the fighting rams. The animal, for reasons best known to itself, did not relish his garb and his recitation. Rushing at him, it at once prepared to attack him.

Before a ram charges at any thing, it lowers its forelegs and head. As soon as the ram had done so, Ramoo thought that it was bowing down to him out of deep reverence. He raised his hand, ready to bless his devotee and did not pay heed to the people who shouted at him asking him to get away.

Knocking Ramoo flat on the ground, the ram returned to its place to resume the fight. People who were already in high spirit, now burst into a loud laugh. Ramoo, dazed for a while, managed to get up and took to the wide road without looking back.



He cursed the ram and the crowd and consoled himself, "After all, these unlucky people never got a chance to listen to my words of wisdom. They did not deserve them either. People will realise my worth only when they hear me speak."

It was evening when he reached a big village. He sought shelter in a temple and it was readily granted to him.

The priest served him with delicious food, the *prasad* of the deity.

Late in the evening villagers gathered at the temple to listen to the daily discourses on the scriptures made by a pundit as that was the holy month of

Kartik. But the pundit did not turn up that evening. The crowd was about to disperse when the priest turned at Ramoo and proposed, "O young scholar, why don't you enlighten us with your wisdom?"

Ramoo was only too eager to do that. He jumped to the pundit's seat and began his discourse. In this his maiden speech, he not only poured forth all the great ideas in philosophy he knew, but also, wishing to impress the audience with his style, he spoke in such a bombastic language that most of the audience thought that he was speaking pure algebra and nothing else.

Soon the audience showed signs of restlessness. Some yawned and dozed and some coughed continuously. Others gave greater attention to killing mosquitoes and scaring away cockroaches than to profiting by the labours of the budding scholar.

But Ramoo went on undaunted, till most of the people had left and others had been lulled to sleep by his incantations. He went on, his speech interspersed with the rhythmic snoring of the priest, till midnight.

There was, however, one old woman, the solitary member of the audience, who appeared to be listening to Ramoo with rapt attention. When Ramoo smiled, she too smiled, when Ramoo was grave, tears rolled down her cheeks.

Ramoo felt flattered. When at last he finished and she rose to go, Ramoo came near her and said, "How happy I am, granny, that you appreciated my discourse so well!"

The old woman caressed Ramoo's tender beard and said, "Sonny! I wish I had understood a word of what you said!"

"What do you mean?" the surprised scholar asked, "What

then made you sit all through?"

"To tell the truth, sonny, it is for sake of this tiny beard of yours. It reminded me of my pet goat which is lost since a year. When fondled, it used to shake its scanty beard exactly as you shook yours while shouting those sweet blah-blah. For a few hours, sonny, I thought that I was in the company of my dear goat!"

The woman departed, blessing the budding scholar and smiling and weeping at the fond memory he stirred in her.

It was a moonlit night. The frustrated Ramoo told himself, "I should not waste a moment more here. It is said that talking wisdom to stupid folks is like cracking nuts before the deaf. Who but scholars can appreciate my scholarship? No doubt, I will create a sensation in the Ashram of Pundit Raghunath."

He resumed walking. The sun had rose palm-tree high when he arrived at Pundit Raghunath's Ashram. He was cordially received by the Ashramites. He had never got so much attention in his life. He lost no time in trying to impress the Ashramites with his wit and wisdom. The Ashramites, themselves young scholars, were



humble enough to bear with his snobbery.

Time passed most happily for Ramoo. One morning he heard an Ashramite telling his friends, "On the wall of the deserted temple at the far corner of the village is written something which nobody can read." Some of his friends said, "Yes, we too have seen the writing. We would not dare try reading it."

As soon as Ramoo heard this, he announced, "I bet, I can read it. Lead me there."

The Ashramites enthusiastically guided Ramoo to the temple. Several villagers joined them on the way. The proud

Ramoo felt slightly nervous at the crowd swelling behind him. At the same time he was delighted at the prospect of commanding a good audience.

But he breathed with relief when his eyes fell on the writing on the temple wall. Although the script was a bit archaic, it was not so difficult to be read out. He looked with contempt at the Ashramites who had failed to read it.

In order to create the right atmosphere for his feat, he took his station on a grassy mound, put his hands on his waist, cleared his throat and read loudly: "Only a man of unusual traits would be able to read

this writing and it is imperative that he who can read this should crouch on the ground like an ass and allow each one of those who hear him to sit on his back for a while."

As soon as Ramoo had finished reading it his companions demanded that he crouch on the ground and allow them to sit on his back.

Only then Ramoo understood what he had read. Blushing, he protested, "I had said that I can read the writing, that is all."

"Who could not have read?" retorted his companions. However, before he was humiliated further, Pundit Raghunath happened to arrive there. Everybody except Ramoo slipped away at the Pundit's sight.

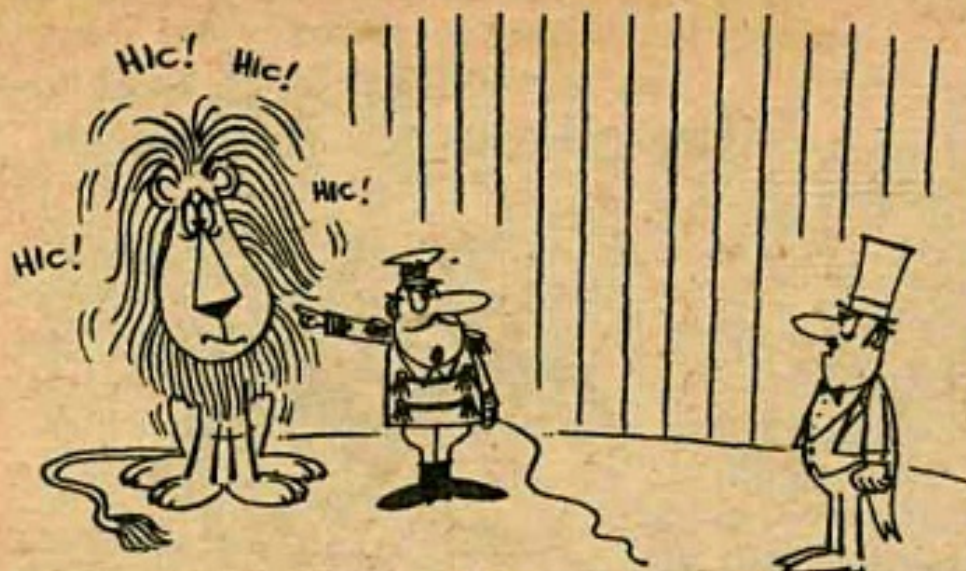
The Pundit patted Ramoo on his back and enquired of him affectionately, "What has hap-

pened, my son?" Ramoo narrated the episode and bursting into tears, said, "I want to go back to my Ashram."

Raghunath said. "All right, my son, you can now go back. And I have no doubt that you will soon prove yourself a worthy pupil of your illustrious guru. You have enough learning. What you lacked was a bit of humility. You have now seen how one could make a fool of oneself due to this sad lack. Before beginning to read the writing loudly you should have reflected on the situation. It is good to know how to read. But it also pays to know how not to read! However, it is never too late. I'm sure, in future you will act prudently."

Ramoo returned to Vidya-pati's Ashram, humbler and wiser.

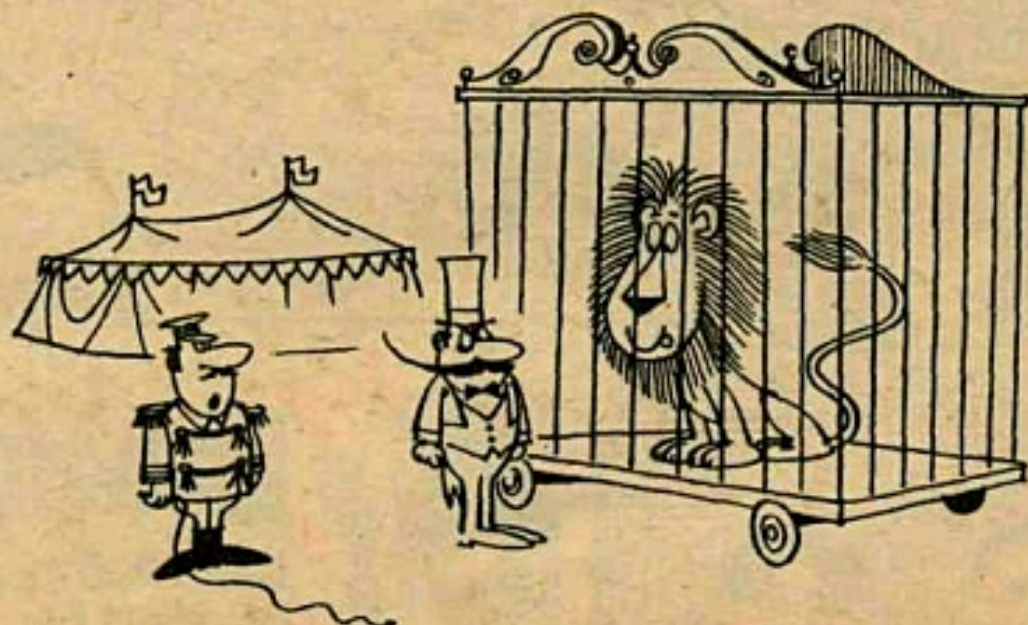
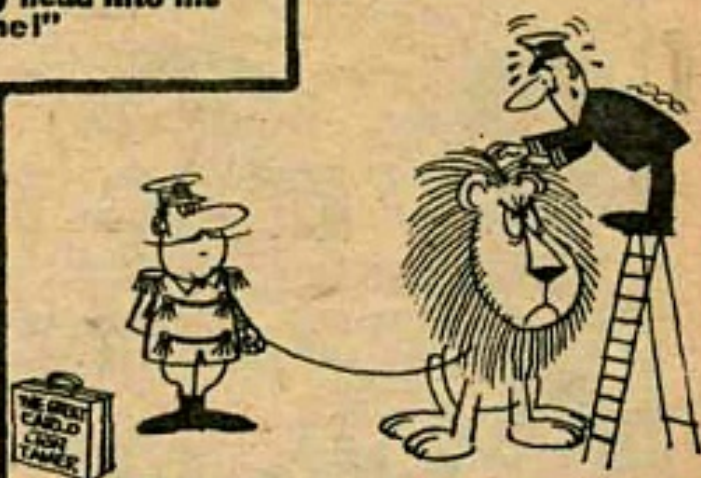




"Contract or no contract, I'm not putting my head into his mouth until his hiccups are gone!"

CUSTOMS

FUN WITH FIDDY



"I warned you not to stand too near the cage!"

FIGURES OF FUN WITH THE FORHAN'S RIDDLE TWINS

PUZZLES FOR FUN ARE OUR GAME
RIDDLE IS OUR MIDDLE NAME
WE'RE THE **FORHAN'S** RIDDLE TWINS
DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-DUM, DUM

♪ ♪ ♪

1 2 3 / 4 5 / 6 7 8 9



YOU MUST GET
THIS ONE. WHEN ARE
2 AND 2 NOT 4?

WHEN
THEY ARE 22!
AND WHAT'S COMMON
BETWEEN A YEAR AND
A PACK OF CARDS?

GIVE UP!
WHAT?

THE NUMBER '52'
AND WHO'S A
NONAGENARIAN?



A PERSON WHO HAS COMPLETED 90 YEARS.
NOW SOLVE THIS ONE. A FARMER HAS 3 PINK COWS,
4 BROWN COWS AND ONE BLACK COW.

HOW MANY COWS CAN
SAY THEY ARE THE SAME
COLOUR AS ANOTHER
COW ON THE FARM?

THAT'S EASY!
7!

SILLY BOY!
COWS CAN'T TALK.

CHEATER!
CHEATER!

SHHH! YOU JUST CAN'T
GO WRONG WITH THIS ONE.
HOW MANY TEETH
SHOULD A GROWN
UP HAVE?

32 -
IF HE KEEPS USING
FORHAN'S
TOOTHPASTE

GOOD NIGHT. BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH **FORHAN'S** AND SLEEP
TIGHT.



Forhan's

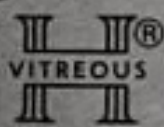
the toothpaste
created by
a dentist

*I couldn't
let Pluto in
with dirty paws,
could I?*



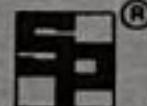
Sanitaryware
& Wall Tiles
made to
international standards

HT-HSJ 8124 R



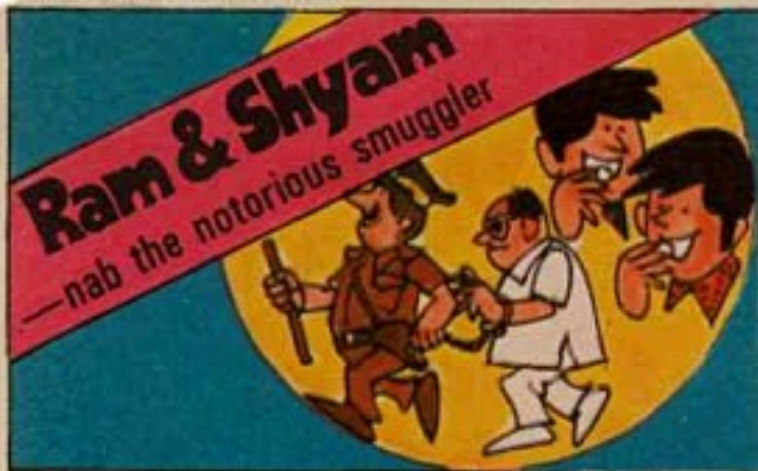
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**SOMANY-PILKINGTON'S
LIMITED**

Kassar, Rohtak, Haryana



Ram & Shyam on an evening walk. A strange sight disturbs their talk.



"Look Ram, that's not a thief. It's slippery shah, the smuggler chief"



"Hurry Inspector, rush this way. Let's nab those smugglers without delay"



The smugglers run, but start to slip. On the ground their feet don't grip.



"I rolled Poppins packets under their feet! Let's open them and have a treat"



Lickable Likeable Lovable

PARLE POPPINS

Fruity Sweets

5 fruity flavours —
raspberry, pineapple, lemon,
orange and lime.